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SONGS  
OF  
SILURIA.





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# SONGS OF SILURIA:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

*FLUVIUS LACRYMARUM.*

BY

M. G. and J. J.

*'Tri harddwch gwlad, llavuriaeth ddeallus, cymydogion cydyddus  
a llywodraeth gydwytodus.'*

CATWG DDOETH.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

BIRMINGHAM: CORNISH BROTHERS.

1890.

1152852



To the memory of A. M. R., and E. G. D.

*Once we with youthful hearts, unused to fears,  
Reckoned our time by this place and by that ;  
This month we climbed the hill, this noontide sat  
Within the rustle of the ripening ears.  
Now by our graves we measure out the years,  
The Border hills are dark with mists of pain,  
The sea-locks wail, the seasonable rain  
On Loughrigg falling, turns to human tears.  
We, severed from their lonely graves, pursue  
An alien path ;—yet here the wistful air,  
Awaiting Him whose sepulchre they share,  
On its clear azure paves His path anew,  
Sets in mid-heaven a winged retinue  
And bids the cloud His chariot prepare.*



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## INTRODUCTION.

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PERHAPS these Songs and Sonnets of Siluria may be not unfitly introduced by a short survey of the history and characteristics of the Silurian or South-Welsh people.

The British tribe of the Silures inhabited the region now represented by the counties of Hereford, Monmouth, Glamorgan, and, according to some authorities, of Brecknock and Radnor.

The resistance which for nine years this brave people offered, under Carádóc (*Caractacus*), their king, to the Roman arms, is one of the earliest and most stirring episodes in our national annals. 'Siluria,' says Tacitus, 'was a powerful and warlike state: in the defeat of Valens it was the nation of the Silures that struck the blow. Of all the Britons the Silures were the most determined; they fought with obstinacy, with inveterate

hatred. To their natural ferocity this people added the courage which they derived from the presence of Carac-tacus: renowned for his valour, and for various turns of good and evil fortune, that heroic chief had spread his fame through the island.'

The existence of a line of British kings before the Christian era has been regarded as somewhat mythical by English historians. Yet it is noteworthy that, in the speech which Tacitus puts into the mouth of Carádóc in his defence before the Roman Emperor, the king speaks of himself as 'descended from a line of illustrious ancestors.' And elsewhere the same historian says: 'The Britons were formerly governed by a race of kings.' And though the monastic chroniclers ignore the ancient British monarchy, this silence may be partly accounted for by the fashion which prevailed when they wrote, of commencing British history with the Invasion of Julius Cæsar; every event which happened previously being esteemed, as relating to barbarians, unworthy of record.

The long line of kings coming down in unbroken

continuity from *Prydain Mawr*, from whom Britain takes her name, is, of course, partly fabulous ; yet the names of *Llyr* (*Lear*) and *Kynvélin* (*Cymbeline*) have been embalmed by the genius of Shakespeare, and will be remembered as long as English literature endures. Another memorial of *Llyr* is left to us in *Caer Llyr* (*Leicester*). The place assigned to *Llyr* by the royal genealogies of Wales is tenth in descent from *Prydain Mawr*, and he is supposed to have reigned about seven hundred years before the Christian era. The reign of *Kynvélin* was contemporary with that era. Another king is immortalized in the name of our great Metropolis—*London* being the town of *Lud*, and in *Ludgate* we have another relic of this monarch, who was the immediate predecessor of Cassibelaunus, the contemporary of Julius Cæsar.

Descending to later times, we have the splendid names of *Caswallon* (*Cassibelaunus*), *Caradoc*, and *Cystennyn* (*Constantine*), and greatest of all, *ARTHUR*, with the magnificent constellation of lesser luminaries with which tradition and legend have surrounded his name. The Cymric belief that the kingdom of Arthur ex-

tended over a portion of the Continent of Europe has some confirmation in the fact that his name is preserved in many places abroad, as well as in more than six hundred localities in the British Islands. 'His court at Caerleon was the resort of all the genius and erudition of the age; amongst its distinguished ornaments may be mentioned—David, Cadog, Merlin Ambrosius, Llywarch Taliesin, Aneurin, Golyddan, Kentigern, and Iltyd. Some of the poems of Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch, have come down to our own time.' The *Gododin* of Aneurin is a description of the battle of Catteraeth, which occurred in the territory of the North British tribe, the Ottadini, whence its title. The design of this poem is said to be to show the relaxation of discipline produced by intemperance among the British youth, which led to their defeat by the Saxons.

After the Roman and Saxon invasions, the British seat of government was removed from London to Siluria, the royal residence of Caradoc being at *Dyndryfan* (*Dunraven*), and that of Arthur at Caerleon

upon Usk in Gwent (*Monmouthshire*). In the tenth century another famous King, Hywel Dda (*Howell the Good*), is found reigning in Siluria. His code of laws is still extant, and embodies much wise and enlightened legislation. It is said by old Welsh writers to be based on the laws of an ancient legislator, named Dyfnwal Moelmud (*Molmutius*), which have come down to us in the form of Triads. Moelmud was the father of Bran (*Brennus*), the renowned conqueror of Rome, of whom the famous story is told, that when the gold was being weighed for the ransom of the Capitol, Brennus, taking off his belt and sword, threw them into the opposite scale. And when the consul inquired the meaning of the act: 'It means,' replied Brennus, 'gwae gwaethidigion' (*væ victis*).

Both North and South Wales continued to be torn by civil dissensions till the victories and wise government of Edgar, and the firm hand with which he repressed the fierce Welsh chieftains, gave some degree of quiet and prosperity to the unhappy Cymry. Not only had the last three centuries been marked by

savage conflict, but their coasts had been exposed to the constant depredations of the Danes. The old Welsh chroniclers seem at a loss for words to describe the hatred with which these piratical adventurers were regarded. The 'Black Pagans,' the 'Unbelievers,' the 'Unbaptized,' are some of the terms they use. The shores of the Môr Hafren (*Severn Sea*) were especially open to the expeditions of the Danes. The following extract from Caradoc's Chronicle records one of their inroads:—'In 987 came the Danes into the seas of Deheubarth (*South Wales*), and landed in Ceredigion (*Cardigan*), and destroyed Llanbadarn and Llandydoch and Llanrhysted, and after this they went to Mynyw (*St. David's*) and destroyed the church and took the jewels, and after this they came by the Môr Hafren to Morganwg, and destroyed the college of Ildud (*Llantwit*) and the college of Catwg (*Llan-carfan*), and the college of Cyngar and Llan Dâf, and others of the best churches in the country; and also they burnt the corn and slew the beasts, so that there was a mighty famine, and many died because of the famine.'

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The intense love of freedom and inflexible determination of purpose which characterized the Silures in their resistance to the Roman arms have continued from time to time to reappear in their descendants, and have had a large influence on our national history. The peculiar features of the race became modified after the Norman settlement—alliances being formed between the great Norman and Silurian houses; but among the peasantry of Glamorgan the personal characteristics of the nation may still be observed.

‘That the Silures,’ says Tacitus, ‘were at first a colony of Iberians is concluded, not without probability, from the olive tincture of the skin, the natural curl of the hair, and from the situation of the country, so convenient to the coast of Spain.’ Both in character and dialect the Silures differed considerably from the Cymry of Gwynedd, a tribe believed to have branched off from the Veneti of Armorica, whence the name of their country. This difference between the South and North Welsh is still observable.

It would be beyond the limits of these pages to

enumerate the many names of Silurian descent which have been distinguished in English history. Two may, however, be mentioned: that of Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister, who was one of the Sitsyllts (*Cecil*), of Alteryannis in Herefordshire, and that of Oliver Cromwell, who sprang from the Glamorgan family of Williams. And how vigorously the old Silurian stock has taken root and flourished in the New World, the names of Roger Williams, Harvard, and Whitney suffice to show.

The two Silurian houses of Herbert and Vaughan have given to their country men and women eminent in intellect, virtue, and position. Of the first of these, Mr. Clark, in his '*Genealogies of Glamorgan*,' writes: 'The Herberts have been unfortunate in the absence of their bard, but they made speedy and ample amends by the splendour of their real founders, and by the number, rank, wealth, and power of their alliances in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Besides knights without number and squires of large estate, they have counted in their name a marquissate—Powis; seven earldoms—Pembroke, Huntingdon, Pembroke of Wil-

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ton, Montgomery, Torrington, Powis, and Caernarvon ; two viscountcies — Montgomery, Ludlow ; fourteen baronies—Herbert of Herbert, of Cardiff, of Thurland, of Chirbury, of Powis, of Torbay, Ludlow, Porchester ; Herbert of Lea ; and in Ireland, Ranelagh, Herbert, and Herbert of Castle Island. Seven of the names have worn the Garter, and four have condescended to become baronets. In our own day, the descendant of the great Lord Clive has thought it an honour to merge his paternal name and individuality in the designation and titles of the Herberts.'

The Silurian Vaughans, who must be distinguished from those of Ireland and North Wales, 'have,' says the same author, 'from the three great lines of Bradwardine, Hergest and Tretower, extended themselves by an immense number of ramifications into Cardigan, Brecknock, Hereford, Caermarthen, Pembroke and Wilts.' They have a common ancestress with the Herberts in Gwladys, daughter of Sir David Gam. Her father and her first husband, Sir Roger Vaughan, died on the field of Agincourt, and were knighted in the last moments of their lives. Gwladys afterwards married

Sir William ap Thomas, who was also present at the battle, and they became the ancestors of the Herberts.

Unlike the Herberts in their splendid fortunes and wealthy alliances, the Vaughans have, like them, given to the Church of England a poet who will long live in the esteem and affection of her children. The families were connected by frequent intermarriage, and it is an interesting fact that George Herbert and Henry Vaughan were akin by birth, as well as by their tender piety and poetical genius. George Herbert died in 1633, and Henry Vaughan was born in 1621, so that it is not probable the kinsmen ever met in person ; but Vaughan was undoubtedly a student and admirer of the works of Herbert.

It may not be out of place to give here a short sketch of the life of one who was pre-eminently the *Silurist*, and whose gentle and gifted spirit has for ever consecrated the hills of Brecon, and the beautiful river which flows among them. He was the son of Henry Vaughan of Newton in Llansaintfread, where he and his twin brother Thomas were born. At the age of eleven they were sent for education to the Rev. Matthew Herbert

of Llangattock, and here they seem to have made considerable progress in classical knowledge, and to have imbibed a strong affection for their teacher. In 1638 the brothers moved on to Oxford, and entered at Jesus College. In 1646, Henry Vaughan first published a volume of poems, which does not, however, appear to have met with wide acceptance. The country was at this time in the throes of the Civil War, and the poems, though not of the devout and exalted character of Vaughan's after-works, were scarcely fitted to catch the public ear.

After leaving Oxford, Henry Vaughan studied medicine in London, became M.D. and retired to his native county, where, after practising for a short time at Brecknock, he settled at his native place, where he occupied himself in his profession and in literary pursuits. His second volume, *Olor Iscanus*, bears date 1647, and was published in 1651. But meantime, a great change had passed over his mind and feelings; he had been brought to the brink of the grave by illness, he had lost a near and dear friend, whom Dr. Grosart supposes to have been his young wife, and the whole

tenor of his life was henceforth changed. At this time he became acquainted with the poems of George Herbert, and made them the subject of his study and imitation. The fruit of these hours of solitude and suffering was given to the world in a small volume entitled *Silex Scintillans*, in which his genius attained its full efflorescence; and the divine tenderness and touching beauty of many of these poems has enshrined them for ever in the heart of the Church. The volume was re-published in 1655, with a second part, almost equal in extent to the former, and this was the last work which Henry Vaughan sent forth under his own name. From this time to his death in 1695, a period of forty years, he lived in the seclusion of literary pursuits, unknown to the world, but revered by a small circle of friends and admirers. He had a firm conviction that in a future day his poetry would receive the appreciation which in his lifetime was denied, a conviction which the event has fully verified. Were but one poem of Henry Vaughan's in existence, and that one *The Retreat*, it would be sufficient to immortalize its author, even had not its ideas been so

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magnificently expanded as they have been by Wordsworth, in his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*.

‘Great uncertainty,’ says Mr. Clark, ‘surrounds the family records of the Silurist. Dr. Grosart gives him three sons, and thinks it probable that from him descended William Vaughan, physician to William III., whose son Henry, Vicar of Leominster, was father of Henry Vaughan, surgeon, of Leominster, father of James Vaughan of Leicester, M.D., father of Sir Henry Halford (Vaughan) and other sons, all distinguished, whence come H. Halford Vaughan of Oxford, and C. J. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff. It is to be hoped that future researches will convert this more than probable into a proved descent.’

The Silurians, as might be expected, carried their sturdy independence and repugnance to a foreign rule into matters ecclesiastical. Christianity was introduced into Britain in the second century, and in the time of Arthur, three hundred years later, it was fully established through all the western part of the Island.

The irruption of the heathen hordes of Angles and Saxons for a time threatened to overwhelm the newly planted Faith, but the young king, rallying round him the Christian powers of Britain, overthrew the Pagans in twelve great battles and drove them to the Eastern Sea. At this period there were colleges and churches scattered over the whole of Siluria, Llandaff and Caerleon being the chief centres of Christian teaching and authority in the West. Ireland, which had departed from her first faith and zeal after the death of St. Patrick, was re-evangelized by missionaries from Wales, and she in her turn sent forth the heralds of the Cross among the Picts, the Germans and the Franks. Many of these evangelists crowned their labours by a martyr's death, and this era of fervent zeal and love may well entitle Ireland to the name '*Insula Sanctorum.*'

A peculiar institution of the early British Church was the *Brodyrdy*, or community of brethren, sometimes called also the *Cor* (choir or college). These establishments were designated by the common name of *Bangor*, and the brethren are generally described as *Saints* or

*Duwiolion*, that is, men given to the study of divine things. One of the Triads thus commemorates some of these colleges :

‘ The three principal choirs of the Isle of Britain : Bangor Iltyd in Caer-Worgan, Cor Emrys in Caer Caradawg and Bangor Wydrin in the Isle of Avallon. And in each of these three Bangors were two thousand four hundred Saints ; that is, one hundred were engaged alternately every hour, both day and night, in celebrating the praise and service of God, without rest, without intermission.’

The college of Iltyd Varchawg may serve as typical of the rest, and it is, both as regards antiquity and importance, the most interesting. It was situate at Caer-Worgan, now Llantwit Major, probably the *Bovium* of the Romans, and one of the residences of the kings of Glamorgan. In the *Genealogy of the Saints* it is said to have been founded by the Emperor Theodosius, in conjunction with Constantine Llydaw, surnamed the Blessed, and its first principal is supposed to have been Padrig (*Patrick*) ‘ before he was carried captive by the Irishmen.’ The college was afterwards restored by

Iltyd, in his youth one of the knights of Arthur's court and an intimate friend of Dubric and of Catwg the Wise. It contained more than 200 students, among whom were many sons of kings and nobles. These, according to an ancient MS., had for their habitation seven halls and four hundred houses. The course of instruction adopted by Iltyd embraced not only such sacred and profane literature as was requisite for a clerical education, but also included husbandry and other useful arts. Bangor Iltyd lasted as a monastery for about six hundred years, but the school continued for many ages afterwards, till it finally lost all its emoluments in the reign of Henry VIII.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Llan Iltyd were two colleges, also of considerable distinction. One of these was *Cor Eurgain*, founded by Eurgain, the daughter of Caractacus, who is thought by some writers to be identical with the Claudia mentioned by Paul in his Epistle to Timothy. An old Welsh chronicler says: — 'Many of the Cymry were converted to the Christian Faith through the instruction of the saints of Cor Eurgain.' In the tenth century this college was burnt

to the ground by King Edgar, and seems never to have been restored. Remains of Roman buildings have been discovered on its site.

A more important establishment was that of Llanveithin or Llancarfan, about six miles from Llan Iltyd. Its first principal, Dyfrig (*Dubric*), was succeeded by Cadog or Catwg the Wise, many of whose 'counsels' and proverbs have been preserved to our own time. Catwg was, like Iltyd, a soldier in his youth, and by some is supposed to be identical with the Sir Galahad of Arthurian romance. There are few more beautiful stories in the history of the early British Church than that of the friendship of Dubric and Catwg, and of the 'sweet counsel' which they took together in the quiet shades of Llanveithin. Of the buildings of this college no relic remains, but in the neighbouring village of Llancarfan is an ancient Norman Church, which, perhaps, marks the site of the monastery which succeeded the college, and which continued to flourish for some centuries.

It was in this monastery that Cradoc the Silurian wrote his famous *Brut y Tywysogion*, or, *Chronicle of*

the Princes, one of the most reliable sources of information for the early history of Wales.

One of the Triads gives an attractive picture of the evangelistic labours of the early British saints: 'The three blessed visitors of Britain, *David*, *Padarn* and *Teiliaw*—so called, because they visited the dwellings of gentlemen, peasants, citizens and aliens, without receiving gift or reward, meat or drink; teaching the faith of Christ to all, without the expectation of being paid or even thanked, but distributing their own gold and silver, food and raiment, to the poor and necessitous.'

During this golden age of the British Church, the Saxons and Angles remained for the most part heathen, and for three hundred years after the time of Arthur, English History presents a melancholy record of useless and interminable conflict, and of devastation by fire and sword. 'The Saxon Era was that of the Dark Ages in our Island—of barbarism, unredeemed by scarcely a single trait on which the historian can pause with pleasure. At the end of the third century magnificent cities adorned Britain south of the Forth, roads

traversed it in every direction; Roman and British villas studded every salubrious and picturesque situation. All these perished during this gloomy period.' According to Nennius, the cities of Roman Britain were thirty-three in number. Of Uriconium (*Wroxeter*), Richard of Cirencester says: 'It was the mother of the rest, and esteemed one of the largest cities of Britain.'

In the year 597, the monk Augustine landed in Kent, on a mission from Pope Gregory I., for the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon pagans. It was not, however, till the commencement of the eighth century that Christianity became established in the kingdoms of Northumbria, Mercia, Essex and Wessex. All these kingdoms, according to Mosheim, owed their conversion to the missionaries of the British Church; but they were soon induced to adopt Roman usages, and to accept the primacy of the Roman bishop. The Silurian and Venedotian Churches alone retained their independence. In an interview with Augustine on the borders of Worcestershire, their envoys took exception at his

haughty manners, and refused to accept any authority, except that of God, higher than their own Archbishop. As was the case with Ireland, Siluria owned no foreign supremacy in matters of religion, till it was forced upon her at the point of the sword. In 613 took place the destruction of the college of Banchorium, and the massacre of the brethren, said to have been 1,200 in number. In 755, Elvod (*Elbotus*), Bishop of Bangor, accepted the new cycle for computing Easter, this apparently trivial matter being a crucial point in the controversy between the churches of Rome and Britain. In 886 Asser, a Briton, and Bishop of St. David's, was at Alfred's court as his friend and counsellor, and it may be inferred that the Welsh Bishops were in friendly communion with the Anglo-Saxon Church at this period. Yet as late as 960 the Silurians are found electing their own bishop, and refusing to accept a Papal edict. 'In this year,' says the *Brut y Tywysogion*, 'died Padarn, Bishop of Llandaf, and Rhodri ab Morgan Mawr was put in his place, and this displeased the Pope; and because of this, Rhodri was poisoned; and it was commanded to the priests that

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they should not marry without the consent of the Pope, and because of this there was a great disturbance in the diocese of Teilo, but at last it was judged best to permit marriage to the priests.' And Giraldus Cambrensis says: 'Until the entire subjugation of Wales by King Henry I., the Welsh bishops were always consecrated by the Bishop of St. David's, and he was consecrated by his suffragans, without any profession or submission being made to any other church. We do not hear that before or after that subjugation any Archbishop of Canterbury, except Baldwin, ever entered the borders of Wales; so that, till lately, the see of St. David's owed no subjection to that of Canterbury, as may be seen in the English History of Bede.'

The conquest and partition of Siluria by the Norman barons and their knights was soon followed by the erection of castles and abbeys, the ruins of which still adorn the country. Many churches were also built, some of them fortified, as in the cases of Brecon and Ewenny; their massive towers and

battlemented roofs testifying to the vicinity of an unsubdued foe. Many of the abbacies and bishoprics were given to foreigners from Normandy and France, and the collegiate system was superseded by the monastic. But it is doubtful whether the Anglo-Norman Church ever took deep root among the people of Wales. The affections of the Cymry were still with their ancient tongue and their ancient liturgy, and the religion of the conquering and dominant race was submitted to rather than welcomed. It is a noteworthy fact, that soon after a British line of kings came to the throne, in the person of Henry Tewdwr, Britain resumed her independence of Papal supremacy.

The little expedition which, in the reign of Henry II., sailed from South Wales, and in a short time conquered almost the whole of Ireland, was composed of Siluro-Norman knights and their followers, as the names of Lacy, Cogan, Poer, Braose, and de Londres suffice to prove; and the Geraldines themselves, who commanded the expedition, were the great-grandchildren of Rhys, prince of South Wales. The Norman period has left many beautiful architectural

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relics in Siluria, of which the most remarkable are: the church and abbey of Margam, the abbeys of Tintern, Cwm Hir and Llanthony; the noble priory churches of Brecon and Ewenny; the cathedrals of Llandaff and Hereford; the castles of Cerrig Cennen, Caerphilly, Fonmon, and Raglan.

Many of the village churches of South Wales are of the thirteenth century, and must therefore have been built soon after the Norman settlement. Their simplicity and severity of style, their venerable age, and the lovely surrounding scenery, make them objects of deep interest to the antiquary, the student of history, and the lover of the picturesque. As typical examples of the ancient Norman parish church, uninjured by the hand of the 'restorer,' Llandew, near Brecon, and Marcross, in Glamorgan, may be mentioned.

It has appeared to the writers of this little book that Siluria, with such a history as has been here briefly sketched, and with natural beauties surpassed by few countries in the world, has been somewhat

neglected and overlooked ; and it is for this neglect they have endeavoured, however imperfectly, to atone.

If it were remembered that our laws and our freedom are rooted in that dim and distant past, and that the England of Alfred and Athelstan has for its background the Britain of Caradoc and of Arthur, there would be a distinct gain in our conceptions of the growth of England's national life ; and there would no longer be that sense of disproportion, which is felt when English history is made to commence with the Anglo-Saxon invasion.

Scott has touched the Tweed and the Teviot with the wand of an enchanter, and Wordsworth has for ever consecrated the Rotha and the Duddon, but where is the poet of the Wye, the Teme and the Irfon ? While the Scottish Border has gathered round itself a whole literature of legend, song and ballad, the Marches of Wales, with a richer loveliness and a story as wild and as stirring, are as yet unsung.

*Isabel Southall.*

*March, 1890.*





BY THE RIVER SIDE.

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*The Scottish Border.*

TO lie, 'mid leafy shades at noon  
    Encloistered, by the river's brim,  
    While overhead the clouds of June  
    Sail white as wings of seraphim—  
To see within the river's face  
Noon's glory change to evening's grace—  
To watch the little travellers pass,  
    A murmurous throng of happy things,  
Upon their road of liquid glass,  
    Their ambulatory of wings—  
Hear from the sedge the warbler tell  
His endless story—this is well.

But on the braes the poets trod  
    Another soul is in the air,

Springs the light harebell from the sod  
Henceforward infinitely fair,  
And heather, once by murder dyed,  
Their gentle tears have purified.

Knit by harmonious interval,  
Through you, fair 'Lowlands, pass along,  
Elect from field and fold and hall,  
The lineal ministry of song,  
As o'er your fells the sungleams fly  
Bearing the message of the sky.

'Tis well to take for fellowship  
The ' Border Minstrel ' good at need,  
Watch stroll of Ettrick, Teviot's trip,  
The steady march of kingly Tweed,  
Or seek for Moffat's infant spring  
Among the silent leagues of ling.

Then tread the onward path and hear  
Out of the cloud the curlew's cry—

---

And, from the hill descending clear,  
The lambkin's bleat, the dam's reply,  
Where Yarrow runs, a thread of blue  
Dyed from above, the moorland through.

*Duddon.*

Small nurseling of three mountain shires,  
Child of a home where sea-mists dwell !  
To walk thy length ere light expires  
A summer day suffices well ;  
But thou more human, little one,  
Than Indus art or Amazon.

Fresh from the cloud-girt solitude  
Thou comest, eager, blithe and shy ;  
Then, broadening out, in quiet mood  
Communest with thy friend the sky,  
Until thy crystal depths declare  
The secrets of the upper air.

In turn the sunshine searches out  
Thy deep recesses open laid,  
Where on the stone the basking trout  
Darts like a shadow into shade ;  
But, when thy waters cooler run,  
As through a lattice peers the sun.

For, while around the dusty bees  
Make murmurous all the moorland heat,  
Close overhead the alder-trees  
And interlacing birches meet,  
Beneath whose sheltering architrave,  
The ousel slips from wave to wave.

As the young dalesman leaves his dale  
And soon is lost in lowland mart,  
And memories, once familiar, fail  
From out his over-crowded heart,  
The stream forgets his early glee,  
Leaving the hills to meet the sea.

The dying neither smiles nor weeps,  
But—waiting, as the shadows fall,

---

Expectant—the Eternal sweeps  
On newborn senses ; so is all  
In Duddon hush to hear the roar  
Of breakers on the outer shore.

*Wharfe.*

Brigantia has a stream, it cleaves  
The Pennine wilderness in twain,  
Then quits the upland wild, and weaves  
Through golden woods a silver skein,  
And dreams with unimpassioned eye  
Beneath its own familiar sky.

The hurry and the turmoil o'er,  
And all the moorland journey done,  
Wharfe tarries while his jasper floor,  
Translucent in the noonday sun,  
Repeats in vision more divine  
The Benedictine's traceried line.

And thence, impatient of delay,  
Leaving behind the holy ground,  
His amber shivered all to grey,  
His banks reverberant with sound,  
He for the moment's pause atones  
And swirls between the stepping-stones.

*Avon.*

But Mercian rivers, calm and deep,  
Down levels white with clover steal,  
Or on the ancient mill-dam sleep  
Above the miller's busy wheel,  
While, imperturbable and slow,  
Among the flowers the barges go.

Who delved the immemorial road  
Where all the homing swallows meet ?  
With willow-wort its margin sowed  
And led through miles of meadow-sweet ?

Who clothed with light the sombre tide  
Whereon the anchored lilies ride ?

Fair are the plains—to memory fair—  
The wide horizon clear and large,  
The breezy space, the ample air,  
The wind-swept sedge, the willowed marge,  
Where Avon feels a doubtful way  
Among the meadows sweet with hay.

And fair it was at set of sun,  
Our keel upon that glassy floor,  
To hear, where other sound was none,  
The lifting of the rhythmic oar,—  
A holy silence near and far,  
And in the south a trembling star.

Let us depart. For even of those  
Who plied the oar that summer e'en,  
The unrest of half a planet flows  
In icy flood our homes between,  
And, like an ocean, chill and strange  
Roll o'er our lives the waves of change.

*Usk.*

With Rotha and with Yarrow, say,  
Is there not yet a stream that vies ?  
One dear to poet's heart as they,  
A child of amethystine skies,  
Receives the tributary rills  
Beneath Garthmadrin's classic hills.

For all that Rotha was to him,  
The later prophet of the dawn,  
Isca, that laves a flowery brim  
With crystal waters, was to Vaughan,  
Who, like the earliest matin lark,  
Sang while the shadows yet were dark.

For he, when King and People fought,  
And springs of Avon ran with blood,  
Forsook a world of strife and sought  
A comrade in the Iscan flood,

---

And, grieved with men in times like these,  
Held converse with the birds and bees.

'Twas here he won with patient quest  
The hidden floweret of the wild,  
Here took the nestling to his breast  
As it had been a little child,  
And read the lore of Nature by  
The 'vocal silence' of her eye.

Bearing upon his loyal heart  
His King's dishonour and defeat,  
Hither he came and dwelt apart,  
Here, in the blaze of angry heat,  
Kept one cool spot baptized in dew,  
And with the heartsease hid the rue.

Who loved him knew how closely dwell  
Those fair companions, smiles and tears;  
His stream repeats the 'loud farewell'  
Where nought is heard by alien ears.  
The yew-tree's immemorial shade  
Tells where the Bard of Usk is laid.

Float by, O Swan of Usk, float fair,  
And breast the stream with even grace ;  
Parting before thy snow-white share,  
The ripples fall and find their place ;  
So malice shall receding flow,  
Abashed by honour pure as snow.

THE GRAVE.

LLANSAINTFREAD.

HANDS crossed in prayer, feet laid toward the  
dawn,  
Beneath the patriarch yew-tree's sheltering  
dusk,

And within hearing of thy murmurous Usk,  
Rest thou in peace profound, Silurian Vaughan.  
Again the hills are holy, and the lawn  
That girds the pilgrim stream on either side  
More holy than the haunt of pard and faun,  
Since there its priest and prophet lived and died.  
For where of old men deemed a stealthy Pan  
Possessed the hill, the thicket and the lea,  
Thy wistful eye discerned the Son of Man,  
And taught thy faithless brothers how to see.  
Thou art their ministering angel now,  
And Wordsworth's spiritual father, thou !

## THE BRECON BEACONS.

## SUNRISE.

HOW still the air and those twin peaks that soar  
Into the vault serene ! we lose the voice  
Of Nature and of God in-turbulent noise  
Of restless thoughts as in the din and roar  
Of some tumultuous city, set light store  
By sacred stillness. Nowadays men flee  
From their own heart as from an enemy,  
Dreading the shadow of the Evermore.  
Silence ! be thou my teacher : raise and calm,  
Revive and strengthen ; wake the spiritual ear  
Morning by morning, till it learn to hear  
The accents of thy inarticulate psalm.  
Within this mountain temple thou art priest ;  
And lo ! thine altar, flaming to the East.

THE BRECON BEACONS.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

**I**N lines of beauty, curves of infinite grace,  
Your massive bulwarks rise above the plain,  
Beacons of Brecon! in that ye are twain  
Lies half the secret of your loveliness.  
In close fraternal union, rich to bless  
And to uphold, twin brothers lived, and here  
Loving and loved, thro' many a youthful year  
Gained strength and courage for life's arduous race.  
Fair was their gracious boyhood, deep and strong  
Their mutual trust that knew not change nor close.  
Their twofold gift of genius and of song  
Moved in one orbit. Still its fervour glows  
Like some bright binary star, and shall, so long  
As these twin Beacons rise and Isca flows.

## CWMDU.

**L**AUGHING Rhiangoll! light of that 'dark vale'  
Which Pen y Cader's gloomy summit crowns,  
And frolicsome, where old Stradewy frowns,  
As some fair child playing with helm or mail  
Of warrior stern,—may not thy course avail,  
Thy short bright course, to teach our human heart  
That purity and courage can impart  
To humblest lives a joy that shall not fail?  
And may our course, Rhiangoll, be like thine  
Beneficent, albeit as swiftly run,  
Making the lowly scenes of earth rejoice;  
Even as these ripples, glancing in the sun,  
Singing in shadow, give the hills a voice  
And gladden all the vale with smile benign.

LLYN SAFADDAN.

CLEAR broke the April dawn and fair;  
Moved in the eaves the nested bird,  
New life was in the expectant air,  
And in the soil the seedling stirred.

Born of the light, the early breeze  
Touched Pen y Cader's topmost pine,  
Then gently woke the meadow trees  
And oped the eye of celandine.

And now the happy woodlands rang  
With joy whose undertone was peace;  
When man awoke, for him re-sang  
The little birds, nor thought to cease.

Here first the swallow learnt to love  
The cottage eaves where none distressed;  
Here cherished was the exiled dove,  
Who never yet could build her nest.

The valley peacefully reposed  
Upon the mountain's western slope,  
And Hatterel's guardian arms enclosed  
A land of thankfulness and hope.

For holy men across the main  
Had come, Love leading like a star,  
And here our Lord was born again  
As once in Bethlehem afar.

Slunk to the waste the noisome brute,  
The dragon clapped his wings and fled ;  
The vineyards timely gave their fruit,  
And daily came the daily bread.

And peace was in the household air,  
And every day was holy day ;  
Descending by the heavenly stair,  
Good angels trod the common way.

\* \* \* \* \*

It so fell out, an evil sprite  
Fled his old perch and sought a new,  
And left the storm-cloud to alight  
As o'er this Paradise he flew.

Again the noisome beasts abound,  
Stars in their courses ill forebode ;  
And now upon the holy ground  
The blood of princely kinsmen flowed.

Then was the harper's music marred :  
Good angels left the homes of men ;  
This fly had spoiled the precious nard,  
Changed was the tilth to waste and fen.

No peace was in the household air,  
And never came the holy day ;  
Bad angels climbed the nether stair  
And skirmished on the common way.

Then, where the clustering hamlet stood,  
And over tree and tower and hall,  
Rises a cold, remorseless flood  
And slowly creeping, covers all.

No dove across the water takes  
Her flight; the orchards bloom no more;  
Nor cheerful voice of song awakes  
The morning on Cathedyn's shore.

Yet, as the peasant on the hill  
Wends to the hamlet where he dwells,  
At sunset, when the air is still,  
He hears again the evening bells.

And he and all around him know  
Their lawful Prince will come to reign ;  
Back to its place the flood will flow,  
And all the birds will sing again.

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LLANTARNAM ABBEY.

I SCA, once nurtured in a mountain nest,  
With 'loud farewells' descending toward the plain,  
Now moves majestic through a rich champaign  
In pomp of woods and wealth of harvest drest.  
No more by rocky barriers repress,  
Through forest-mantled hills his waters glide,  
Along a flowery marge on either side  
That woos with murmur soft a welcome guest.  
Here, where with broader sweep the hills recede,  
Once stood Llantarnam's venerable pile,  
Home of a far-famed confraternity.  
They cherished ancient lore and poesy,  
Watched o'er the tender growth of alien seed,  
And made the slopes of barren moorland smile.

## FATHERLAND.

SILURIA! Is there land so dear as thine?  
Where Wye and Arrow, Teme and Llugwy flow?  
Thy plains, how beautiful in summer glow!  
Embossed with forests, rich with corn and wine,  
And that luxuriant herb whose tendrilled bine  
In stationary squadrons holds the field!  
A thousand fruitful vales their increase yield,  
Upon a thousand hills the flocks recline.  
When Autumn spreads her gorgeous canopy  
Of crimson and of gold, the sleepy land  
Sinks to her rest—the winds all silent lie.  
She dreams a dream of peace, ineffable:  
And far away, range beyond range, doth stand  
Siluria's guardian, giant Hatterel.

## CLYRO.

## E A S T E R - D A Y .

**F**ROZEN were the fields beside the devious Wye ;  
The hills were desolate—the woods were bare, .  
Chill was the bleak and unrelenting sky,  
Winter was on the earth and in the air.  
At once a sudden summer blossoms fair ;  
A churchyard strewn with flowers salutes the eye,  
In mystic mantle beautiful and rare,  
The melancholy graves transfigured lie.  
As come the pilgrim rays from starry sphere—  
Ethereal ripples sent to kindred eyes—  
And pass, from day to day, from year to year,  
Breaking at last on these Silurian skies,—  
So dawns through Christian time the glad surprise  
Of Easter morn and breaks in blossom here.'

## CLIFFORD CASTLE.

**H**ERE, in the shade of age-worn Hatterel,  
A Rose once bloomed, soon by the torrid blast  
Of jealous hatred withered : here were passed  
Days in the time to come remembered well.  
In dreams she sees once more the flowery dell,  
The stream, the bridge, the quiet woodland ways ;  
Then starts—a step is near—the threaded maze  
Its secret yields to hate implacable.  
The ruined arch and fallen parapet  
With weeds o'errun, these only mark the place  
Which echoed once with princely revelry.  
Clifford long since hath lost its ancient race :  
But Clyro, nestling by the sinuous Wye,  
Preserves a scion of Plantagenet.

THE SHORTEST NIGHT.

O VER the hill, where pale Arcturus wanes,  
Moves through the night the mystery of the  
dawn ;

Across the solemn verge are upward drawn  
Grey threads of vapour from the cooling plains.  
On either side the hot and silent lanes  
Lie, near and far, the swaths of new-mown hay,  
And from the severed flowers, which fell to-day  
Before the scythe, the night their tribute gains.  
The stillest hour of all the twelve is there.  
Ended at length the whitethroat's broken song ;  
No more the drowsy chafer hums along ;  
Nought breaks the peace of the regenerate air—  
Till with a dreamlike smile, uncertain, wan,  
Earth waking, skyward looks and Night is gone !

## THE HILLSIDE—NOVEMBER.

THE moon has set—the windy currents hie  
Across the leagues of woodland, fierce and fast,—  
The labouring forest with a human cry  
Bows its bent head before the imperious blast.  
Against the sky its stricken arms are cast,  
As were Laokoön's on the Trojan shore  
When round his limbs the snaky coils were passed.  
Tumult on earth ! and frenzy up on high !  
Far overhead the rushing torrents fly,  
Vast driven fields of motion, and outpour  
A mutinous, ungovernable roar,  
As if the waves had mounted to the sky  
In multitudinous revolt—and I  
Were a lost waif upon the ocean floor.

*Νύξ οὐκ ἔσται ἐκεῖ.*

THE kindled North yet knows the sun :  
Or ever the long day be done  
Another dawning has begun.

The foxglove with her bells of white  
Rises at hand, a spire of light.  
Day closes, but it is not night.

The voice that whispers in the trees  
Is gentle as the softest breeze  
That fans the isles of southern seas.

Kin to the mystic breath that blows  
On lifeless spirits, no man knows  
Or whence it come or whither goes.

So sweet, so subtle, and so clear,  
That whisper falls upon her ear,  
All Nature lies awake to hear.

Earth through her being feels the bliss  
Of Heaven's ante-nuptial kiss,  
And wonders whence her rapture is.

A tender longing stirs her breast,  
A vague desire, a tremor blest,—  
A prophecy of perfect rest.

O matchless day! O evening rare!  
Soon shall it come—that kingdom fair,  
Whereof 'tis writ: '*No night is there.*'

ROBERT BROWNING AND ELIZABETH  
BARRETT BROWNING.

SHE dwells beneath the old Silurian hills.  
Its spiritual growth her eye fulfils ;  
Here with prophetic vision is endowed.  
    Thrid by the glancing stream,  
    Lit by the flying gleam,  
    Coursed by the cloud,  
She sees the flower-enamelled plains that lie  
Locked in the arms of Severn and of Wye.  
  
As leans that plain on adamantine hills,  
Whereon his narrow plot no peasant tills,—  
Home of the thorn, the boulder and the cloud—  
    So to his strength supreme  
    Her gentleness doth seem—  
    The tender-browed—  
Resting upon his rugged truth doth lie  
Her wisdom sweet, in song that shall not die.

## THE COOPER OF ANKERDINE.

WITHIN Siluria's northern bound,  
Where fairies dance the forest round  
And in the branches scream,  
Though few the folk that pass the spot,  
You there may see the Prior's plot,  
The Baron's tower, the yokel's cot  
Beside the banks of Teme.

Here dwelt a cooper stout and strong;  
His hands were large, his arms were long,  
His back was broad to see ;  
But though so sturdy, it was said  
He left to starve, for want of bread  
His wife and children three.

When hazel-nuts were turning brown,  
And all the apples shaken down,  
And housed the golden grain ;

The yeoman's herds—a noisy crew—  
And holy men of Ocle too,  
Making a mild October brew,  
Beseech his help in vain.

When April winds begin to blow,  
And cherry-bloom like summer snow  
Falls on the orchard floor ;  
The yaffle whets his horny bill,  
(A knife, a hammer, and a drill)  
And taps the sycamore.

The man would not his duty share  
With beasts of field, or fowls of air,  
Or fishes of the sea ;  
Henceforth the powers of heaven and earth  
For peace and plenty gave him dearth.  
No longer grace his lonely hearth  
His wife and children three.

One midnight—since, unhindered, wrong  
Is not for aye, is not for long—  
When drained his beaker, sung his song,  
He leaves the tavern door ;

But the seven whistlers, all afly  
Above him in the windy sky,  
Hurtle and hoot and hiss and cry ;  
His heart with fright is froze.

Some saw his footprints on the sward,  
Where first the knight had crossed the ford  
Just as the sun went down ;  
Some said they heard him on the waste,  
As if, by seventy whistlers chased,  
He hurried on in hottest haste  
To Kyddermynster town.

But, certes, from that very day,  
None see the Cooper pass their way,  
Though many still may hear ;  
'Tis said that all the country-folk  
Round Whistlewood can tell his stroke  
When he is felling Deadman's oak  
And all the leaves are sere.

For, when the winter moon doth shine  
About the skirts of Ankerdine,  
You hear him in the wood ;

---

He lays about him, blow on blow ;  
The echoes in the quarry go ;  
He hammers loud, he hammers low,  
As every cooper should.

Before the sun begins to shine,  
The small birds twire on Ankerdine  
And watch the woodmen pass—  
Who, scanning well the darksome place  
Beneath the oak, are fain to trace  
The drops that left the cooper's face,  
Like dew upon the grass.

Sore irked, when sultry days begin,  
His soul sits drowsing in the whin ;  
Sib, Tib, Patch, Pincky, Lull and Pin,  
All worry him in turn.  
One draws an ettle o'er his cheek,  
And two his either ear will tweak,  
Another in the thicket shriek,  
And scare him from the fern.

Some saw him to the charcoal pit  
As flittermouse at sunrise flit  
And eke as rotten run ;  
But night by night the wretched man,  
Held under Holy Church, her ban,  
Begins again what he began—  
His work is never done.

So grievous was the mischief wrought  
To high and low, the folk distraught  
Full oft the power of clergy sought  
This hapless soul to lay.  
But the old Cooper hammers still  
On Ankerdine and Berrow Hill,  
And six of the Seven Whistlers shrill  
In Whistlewood to-day.

LLANCARFAN.

**B**Y Meuric founded, this collegiate shade  
Heard Dubric giving admonition due  
To erring brethren. With him here withdrew  
Wise Catwg, friend belovèd. Mutual aid  
By their sweet converse gaining, here they prayed,  
Here the deep mysteries of truth explored,  
Wielding the pen, as once the knightly sword,  
Ere Arthur's court was left for this lone glade.  
Hither came great Aneurin, fugitive  
From Cattræth's fatal field, whose tale he told  
In that *Gododin* which as long shall live  
As Cambria's mountains stand. Away have rolled  
Five hundred years, and on the page of fame  
Silurian Cradoc writes Lllancarfan's name.

## LLANILTYD VAWR.

## I.

**H**ERE crumbles, by the cyclic whirlwind swept,  
The wreck of ages, ruin wide and drear.  
The Runic stone, obliterate, is here ;  
These sextile ways the Roman cohort kept.  
If Irenæus built, here Iltyd wept  
That work undone, when he, the stranger, came  
From shores unknown and fed the sacred flame  
Till o'er his wattled fence the Saxon leapt.  
Here through long ages past, uplift above  
The dusky wave, arose the saving sign ;  
And here from age to age the nested dove  
Taught to rough men fidelity divine.  
The drift of Time o'erflows it now, as move  
Fresh from the west the waves on yonder heaving line.

LLANILTYD VAWR.

II.

Here on the dying saint's fraternal breast  
The packhorse all aweary laid its head :  
' There let it stay, poor wayfarer !' he said ;  
' 'Tis tired and heavy-laden ; let it rest.'  
And here the stag, when in the chase distrest,  
Leapt to his side, nor clamour of dogs or men  
Availed to drive it, homeless, thence again ;  
Here did it live, Saint Iltyd's friend and guest.  
So shall we see God's patient creatures come,  
Scarred with the brand of their long suffering past—  
Disowned by an apostate Christendom,  
But dear to Universal Love—at last  
Throng unto Him as to their natural home  
And at His feet their load of sorrow cast.

## CAER WRGAN.

**A**ND dare our fancy paint the unhallow'd scene—  
The night alarm, the onset fierce and wild,  
The shriek, the leaping flame, the death-pang  
keen?

Nay, let it paint the sumptuous Roman, mild  
In palmy days, with cherished wife and child :  
This was the atrium, this, the corridor ;  
And here on infant steps the mother smiled  
As first they trod the tessellated floor.  
His latest-conquered, fiercest enemy—  
Siluria's subtle charm the victor felt,  
The charm of hill and stream, of sky and sea.  
Briton and Roman here together dwelt ;  
Yea more—in bond of common fealty,  
Together at the feet of Jesus knelt.

A BALLAD OF THE TUSKAR.

HAVE you looked out to sea, from the cliffs of  
Dunraven,  
And marked where the Tuskar lies there in the  
bay ?

The ships they pass by him, each one to her haven ;  
But still he lies, quietly waiting his prey.

His jaws, as a dragon's, are thirsting for slaughter,  
As slowly the ripples steal up to high mark ;  
Then hidden he lurks 'neath the calm smiling water  
And waits like a traitor to stab in the dark.

When wild thro' the cordage the tempest is shrieking,  
And darkness comes down on the turbulent wave,  
Who shall guide the good ship to the port she is seeking ?

'Tis a light to destroy, not a beacon to save.

Alas! for the hearts which the Christ-love are spurning,  
Diseased by the base love of gold to the core ;  
Untouched by the pang of a pitiful yearning,  
And hard as the rocks on this desolate shore.

Leaden-footed they come—the just judgments of  
Heaven ;  
They strike home unerring, tho' lingering long :  
And Vaughan of Bradwardin, the lord of Dunraven,  
Hath reaped as he sowed—bitter harvest of wrong.

With shout and with laughter three striplings were  
leaping  
Down the steep rocky path to their boat in the bay ;  
But sore was the crying and loud was the weeping  
That was heard in Dunraven at close of the day.

And when by the current three corpses were drifted  
Beneath the tall cliffs where the castle was piled,  
In wild anguish the voice of the mother was lifted ;  
Nevermore from that moment the father hath  
smiled.

\* \* \* \* \*

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But all now is changed, and the false lights no longer  
Are kindled by wreckers on headland or heath ;  
(No treacherous beacons those two flaming yonder !)  
Yet Tuskar still reaps his sad harvest of death.

Full many a maiden and youth there are lying,  
Whom the Tuskar hath slain in their beauty and  
pride ;  
Strewn over his rifts where the south wind is sighing,  
The wrecks lie revealed at the ebb of the tide.

And still you may see him, with black arms extended,  
Asleep in the sunshine while waiting his prey ;  
But the house of Bradwardin, from princes descended,  
For ever hath passed from Dunraven away.

## CHRISTMAS BY THE SEA.

O'ER the wide watery leagues, unseen, the ships  
Are passing to and fro. Seaward a light  
Gleams for a moment, sinks into eclipse,  
Then flashes forth again more bravely bright.  
The long, dark headland looms athwart the night  
In one unbroken line, and where it dips  
I know, but cannot see, beneath the height  
How oceanward the brimful streamlet slips.  
Thrice from the western wood the owl has cried,  
Nor cries again. I hear a muffled roar  
Beneath the cliffs, for now 'tis flowing tide.  
Is that the light of the unrisen moon  
Touching the clouds? Waiting are sea and shore  
The holy Night that will be with us soon.

CLOUDLAND.

THE splendours of the wild autumnal dawn,  
The lucent air, the horizon clear and far,  
Calm lakes of purest azure, deep-withdrawn  
Beyond tempestuous clouds, the evening star,  
The young moon's keen and slender scimitar,  
The crimson west, and in the darkening sky  
The shadowy nations waging silent war  
In brief and unsubstantial pageantry.  
Above the furrowed ridges of Exmoor  
Vast vaporous masses moving, fold on fold,  
An Alpine realm suffused with golden light ;  
And then the thunder-peal, height unto height  
Calling across the waves,—from shore to shore  
An antiphon of solemn rapture roll'd.

## THE STARLINGS.

I HEARD the wind above the forest wailing;  
Across the chill November skies it sped  
Upon a quest perpetual, unavailing,  
An orphan cry, that wandered as it fled.

Over the sodden land salt mist is driving,  
From south to north its white-winged columns fly,  
And, wearily therewith for ever striving,  
Follows that homeless, inarticulate cry.

The furry colony has kept the burrow,  
The chat has left his bush, the dove her bough;  
Long since the peasant, on the flooded furrow,  
Left like a stranded boat his sunken plough.

As, thus by Nature and her smile forsaken,  
A weed of woe around the spirit clings,  
Out of the clouds tumultuously shaken,  
Descends the shiver of ten thousand wings.

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Thousands there are of you, O happy nation,  
Thousands on thousands, but the soul is one;  
Brisk is each wing and true to its vibration,  
Though the day sets disordered and undone.

Though sad the sky and grim the mood of ocean,  
The forest desolate, the pasture bare,  
Together knit in symmetry of motion  
Ye with one joy exultant cleave the air.

The Poet saw you with the souls unshriven  
From waste to waste on restless pinions fly.  
Better to name you from the stars of heaven,  
Or call you little steerers of the sky.

Nor beats the armèd tread of hirèd legions  
Upon the ear of captains and of kings  
So true as falls from those aerial regions  
The sharp pulsation of your free-born wings.

With plume unruffled and with burnished feather,  
With wing unspent o'er all the leagues of dearth,  
Come trooping on from out the darkening weather  
These legions of the sky, and drop to earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

O, Britain ! by discordant factions driven,  
Look at the life within thy mournful skies ;  
O, Unity ! by lawless faction riven,  
Behold thy law of being and be wise.

Behold a living Church without seceders,  
Behold a Unity without a head,  
A loyal race, which needs not lawful leaders,  
A commonwealth by no usurper led.

MONKNASH.

THE sea hath cast them on this pagan shore,  
These Christian Argonauts. Whate'er betide,  
Here will they build their beacon, here abide,  
And night by night the cresset's flame restore ;  
Here for the mariner keep open door  
And bring his soul to haven all unaware ;  
Here building in the waste a house of prayer,  
Him who was born in Bethlehem adore.  
Hence in the twilight 'twixt the old and new,  
Arose a microcosmic Christendom,  
Which o'er the land a blessèd radiance threw.  
Now desolate—her stones the mural rue  
Bedecks, around their rifts the wild bees hum,  
Each to the precepts of his Order true.

THE WELL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST,  
COMMONLY CALLED NEWTON WELL.

THE moon who rules the seas from pole to pole  
Leads them, allegiant, to the Baptist's well,  
Round every continent and isle they roll,  
Then at our feet in this small inlet swell.  
And here we see the daily miracle ;  
The salt wave lapses, languid, to his place,  
When lo, emerging from a hidden cell,  
The fresh and healing waters rise apace.  
At midnight the pale mistress of the sea,  
Above the sand-dune ' fledged ' with scanty pine,  
Skirts the long East in placid reverie  
And views afar her empire's silver line,  
Then sees herself within the well, and strews  
Over the sleeping flowers her tender dew.

THE CARRION CROWS.

- ‘ I KNOW a corner,’ quoth the carrion crow,  
    ‘ I know,  
    ‘ Where the old Woggin mare is lying low,  
    ‘ Is lying low.’
- ‘ I know a quarry,’ quoth the mother crow,  
    ‘ I know,  
    ‘ Where from her lamb they dragged the dying yow,  
    ‘ The dying yow.’
- ‘ I know a cliff-top,’ quoth the carrion crow,  
    ‘ I know,  
    ‘ Wherefrom the yearling heifer dropped below,  
    ‘ She dropped below.’
- ‘ I know the shingle,’ quoth the mother crow,  
    ‘ I know,  
    ‘ Whereon she fell, and ever to and fro  
    ‘ The waters go.’

‘ By all the thirty winds that hither blow

‘ I find the top of this old barley-mow

‘ A trifle slow,

‘ Let us go.’

‘ Let us go.’

OGMORE.

**B**ENEATH a rocky barrier, fringed with fern,  
Glides level with the flowers the sweetest stream  
In all Glamorgan. The cerulean gleam  
Of the pure heaven above, its waves return  
A deeper sapphire; there the sunsets burn  
Till light and life and motion sink to rest;  
Latest to leave the river's dusky breast  
Stands like a lifeless stake the lonely hern.  
Dark are the pines upon the dreaming hill,  
In calm repose the fragrant sand-dunes lie,  
Where glowed the crocus, fades the daffodil  
From the broad stretches of the western sky.  
The tide, full flood, on Tuskar's waste is still,  
And from his wreck-strewn rifts the murmurs die.

## PRIMEVAL LANGUAGE.

THESE heavèd strata, sloping from the west,  
With upturned edge salute the rising sun,  
And older seams with earlier life forerun  
Those within which a higher growth is pressed.  
Thus do these brief primeval words attest  
The hour of dawn, when man to speech was new,  
But ever as a child in utterance grew,  
Till of its tongue the nation stood possessed.  
An ancient race which no historian saw  
Was here and from his slime the Saurian drove ;  
The Roman came and ruled the land by law ;  
The Christian came and ruled the land by love ;  
Pict, Scot, Jute, Dane, thrice-hated Saxon horde  
By flood and fire ; the Norman by his sword.

ST. DONAT'S CASTLE.

THIS stately pile that fronts the Severn Sea  
The work of some enchanter we might deem,  
Birth of great Merlin's magic, or a dream  
Of old romance or poet's phantasy.  
Clustering on this fair height, confusedly,  
Are fern-fringed ramparts, mediæval halls,  
Gray terraces and crenellated walls,  
Courts, turrets, stairs, a maze of masonry.  
Day has already left this silent dell,  
But overhead the towers are touched with light.  
High in the western face, an oriel  
Catches one crimson beam. As falls the night  
Methinks that casement holds some lady bright  
Gazing across the waves toward Tintagel.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

UPON the cliff the Lighthouse stands :  
The waves are breaking far below ;  
All thro' the livelong summer day  
The ships are passing to and fro.  
On the smooth sward the children play  
And pick the cowslip bells that grow  
So large and fine just on the brink  
Of the cliff where it doth sink  
Down to the shining sands.  
'Twould make your heart with terror shrink  
To look adown the steep, but they  
No thought of terror know.

The massive tower is broad and high,  
And many a league across the sea  
It sends a radiance strong and bright.  
The mariners that beacon spy,  
And steer their course aright.

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When the dawn is breaking clear  
The beacon groweth wan and pale,  
No sooner doth the sun appear  
Than its light doth fail.

Hour after hour, till day is nigh,  
The lighthouse keeper watches there ;  
He scans the lamps with anxious care  
Every failing light to trim,  
Or, lest any mirror dim  
Should mar the lustre fair.  
At eve his little daughter too will climb  
Up the long and winding stair  
To the lantern room on high,  
Where the lamps in dazzling row  
Far out into the gloom their radiance throw.  
On Sundays, in the pleasant summer time,  
With her father she will go  
A mile or two across the down,  
Where the little church, below  
A lordly castle by the sea,  
In a wooded valley stands.

She loves the sacred psalms to hear  
And see the sculptured cross that rises near,  
Which holy men of old did rear  
With loving hearts and skilful hands  
To tell of Calvary.

But on the dreary winter nights  
Beside the well-trimmed fire she sits.  
Above, the father tends his lights,  
The careful mother knits :  
Without, the gusty tempest raves  
High and low by fits.

Upon the cliff the lighthouse stands.  
It recks not of the angry roar  
Of billows, on the rocky shore  
Breaking far below ;  
Thro' hours of night it reaches hands  
Of help to men of divers lands,  
Be they friend or foe :  
And, long as waves are wild and storm-winds rave,  
So long its light shall shine to bless and save.

THE SHORES OF OXWICH BAY.  
REMONSTRANCE.

**M**AIDEN, defeathered in barbaric gear  
Of slaughtered birds—you, England's free-  
born child,

Decked as the savage of the Afric wild,  
With heart and mind uncultured—come not here.  
Not for your eye doth that sea-falcon veer  
A point to catch the wind, nor doth for you  
Sail, like a fairy craft mid-air, the mew,  
That fleet of tern its airy passage steer.  
The gas-lamp and the modern semaphore,  
The iron-cramped and rigid esplanade,  
Let these suffice you, these for you were made.  
Allow the wings to creatures that can soar ;  
Profane not with that pitiful cockade  
The wondrous borderland of sea and shore.

## PENRICE.

O MARVELLOUS margin, where the woods and  
sea

Meet like a married pair and dwell in peace—  
One charm predominant where others cease,—  
By difference knit in perfect harmony :—  
The spirit of the shore and of the lea  
Bound each to each where marish grasses wave,  
The lily floats and haunted waters lave  
The sedge, wind-struck and flooded to the knee.  
Hither the wild fowl wheel, the busy coot,  
True to her reedy home, is always there.  
Here stands the heron in observance mute  
Till all the world is sleeping. Tell me, where  
Do sea and cliff and wood and shore salute  
The senses with a greeting half so fair ?

## RHOSILI.

R ISE early on a summer day  
While yet the stars are shining,  
Ere Channel cloud with light endowed  
Resume its silver lining;  
Leave the enkindled tower behind  
While yet the flame is burning;  
Give your best thought the way to find,  
Then keep that way with equal mind,  
Nor miss a single turning—  
You will not reach Rhosili.

Where is the pomp of cliff and shore  
That meets so blue an ocean?  
The sea and land, the wood and strand  
Respond to one emotion.  
For, though so diverse, this can own  
To that the mutual duty;

Sea, cliff, and mountain, each atone  
The other's loss ;—where overgrown  
Is all the land with beauty  
From Pennard to Rhosili.

The way is long and hard to know  
Along the slopes of Gower ;  
Each furlong passed, and most the last  
Grows longer with the hour.  
The ferny skirts of Cefn Bryn  
With endless sunshine smitten,  
Rejoice your soul, which yet within  
Its secret self desires to win  
The breezy green of Pitton :  
And this is not Rhosili.

Keep to your way with steadfast will,  
Nor fear the sun's descending :—  
The daylight past, your way at last  
Will gain a glorious ending.  
You cannot see, but you will hear  
Riot on rocks gigantic,

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And recognise, while drawing near,  
The voice that thunders in your ear,  
The roll of the Atlantic  
At war about Rhosili.

Then climb the down and choose your couch—  
The bees have left the heather,—  
Nor fear to lie beneath the sky  
For this is summer weather;  
And as the morning dawns, behold  
The glory of Glamorgan!  
The giant Rock that doth uphold  
Column on column manifold,—  
Like a majestic organ,—  
At sea beyond Rhosili.

## MEWSLADE BAY.

## I.

**C**LIFF upon cliff, and shaft on shaft ascending,  
Crag upon crag, and blade on blade uprise,—  
Cleaving with upturned edge the drifting skies,—  
A mighty aspiration, skyward tending.  
The jealous sea, his way diurnal wending,  
Assails the rock with unavailing roar,  
Moves with blind wrath about the cavern floor  
And then relapses, with himself contending.  
Stained like the rock, and with its strength endowed,—  
The weak upon the strong in peace relying,—  
Growing upon that mighty basement, crowd  
The limpets' myriad nations; and aloud,  
Far overhead within the driving cloud,  
The sea-mew round her airy home is crying.

## MEWSLADE BAY.

## II.

So standeth Christ, from age to age abiding,  
Essential Patience, while the ebb and flow  
Of seething tumult round His Being go  
Who spake, and wild Gennesaret heard, subsiding.  
Or moves as one a throbbing ocean, chiding  
The hollow void its restless wave has swept,  
Leaving but murmurs. Silence has He kept  
Who, in eternal calm, the storm is guiding.  
One with His Nature, on His substance rest,  
Clinging the closer while the warfare rages,  
Scarred with His passion, in His vesture drest,  
The myriad souls in His protection blest ;  
While even the sea-bird makes, secure, her nest  
And rears her young upon the Rock of Ages.

## THE WORM'S HEAD.

**H**ERE stands the old Silurian Sentinel,  
Passing his challenge o'er the uneasy sea,  
Where the long rollers, coursing fast and free,  
Rank behind rank, the flying watchword tell.  
Within these crypts the wrangling waters dwell  
Imprisoned, and in vaulted corridors,  
Conscious that all around great ocean wars,  
Repeat in mad revolt the Atlantic swell.  
Far out at sea the giant Headland lifts  
Its shafted front, an organ tempest-haunted,  
Within whose pipes the siren water sifts  
In song. The music of æolian rifts,  
O mighty Rock, about thy presence drifts,  
Breathing strange murmurs in thy halls enchanted.

THE VALE OF NEATH.

**H**ERE by this stream or in that cloister paced  
The naked foot of Penitence ; and shod  
With ' pilgrim shoe,' the illimitable waste  
Of moor and hill the old Cistercian trod.

Flow on, dishonoured stream ! discrowned, still stand  
Ye reverend walls ! from you forthshone the flame  
Of Christian learning on this ancient land ;  
Whose hills were named ere England had a name.

Fresh from Dringarth the waters limpid flow  
Through tangled woodland where the ousel calls,  
Or in their caverned pathway silent go,  
Or sing, unmindful of a thousand falls.

Fold upon fold the native woods are spread,  
Line after line, harmonious all and fair ;  
With scattered groups, like loiterers that tread  
The wilderness of upland, here and there.

Where bends the vale, a giant rock is set—  
Gray guardian ; trceries of birch and elm  
His inaccessible escarpment fret  
And softly clothe an adamantine realm.

Beneath this rock, as sung by bards of old,  
Lies royal Arthur with his Table Round,  
All clad in silver mail and casques of gold,  
Sleeping, till Time shall end, a sleep profound.

At set of sun, a purer height to win,  
Bid thine adventurous foot the pathway try,  
To where above the moorland Craig-y-Llyn  
Looms grand and dim against a saffron sky.

The river's threefold voice is heard below ;  
Runnels, moss-girt, the slumberous twilight charms ;  
And it is only by the mist we know  
Where lies the Llyn within the mountain's arms.

Far o'er the purple verge the afterglow  
Deepens, from many a hollow dies the light ;  
Vast and more vast these in the dimness grow  
Till upon moor and mountain falls the night.

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Full is the balmy sward about our feet,  
And full the open leagues beneath the skies  
Of little unseen flowers—how passing sweet  
The spell that shuts as one their myriad eyes.

With hosts of stars the heavenly plains are fraught ;  
There rank by rank the sheaves of harvest lie  
Reaped, yet ungarnered ever ; and, new-wrought,  
Hangs in mid-field the sickle of the sky.

Within the star-lit spaces all is still—  
But, as the dews in silence round me fall,  
Down in her birchen copse beneath the hill,  
I hear, or dream I hear, Cil Hepste call.

## SCOTIA AND CAMBRIA.

**A**ND shall we seek the northern land  
The mountain land enchanted?  
And tread by turns with Scott and Burns  
The valleys poet-haunted?  
Let 'banks and braes o' bonny Doon'  
As beauteous be as Yarrow,  
To Cymru lân, Gwlad y Gân  
I'll take my 'winsome marrow'!

Tho' fair and full the waves of Tay  
Flow on with stately motion,  
Tho' Forth and Clyde majestic glide  
To join their parent ocean,  
More fair I deem the Iscan stream  
'Neath hills of Aberg'enny,  
More soft the breeze that sways the trees  
Beside remote Ewenny.

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Tho' beauteous are Glen Lyon's braes  
In autumn's rich apparel,  
A gentler gleam is on the stream  
That leaps adown Glyn Tarell;  
'Neath Pen y Cader's purple height  
Fair flows the swift Rhiangell,  
Soft hills enfold the Vale of Gold  
And rise o'er Llanfihangel.

The grand old bards of ancient time—  
With triad and penillion—  
Made classic ground where'er was found  
Their mountainous pavilion.  
Wild was the sweep of Ossian's lyre;  
Yet hath not great Aneurin  
A heritage from age to age  
Of fame no less enduring?

'Tis the fair land of Poesy!  
The land of Taliesin:  
Rich was her tongue for speech or song  
In days too old for guessing;

The pristine seat of guileless faith,  
Where hands unfettered builded  
The homes of prayer and studious care,  
Of Dubric and of Iltyd.

Not subject to a foreign law  
Nor bound by rule monastic,  
To Britain's youth they taught the truth  
While yet the mind was plastic.  
Their peaceful brotherhoods preserved,  
Thro' ages of commotion,  
A home of rest, a haven blest  
For learning and devotion.

Boast, Scotland! of thy noble line  
Of Douglas or of Moray;  
Rehearse thy tale of woe and bale  
Of border fight and foray;  
From Cambrian race thy noblest came,  
Who died, from death to save thee.  
When Wallace bled thy hopes were fled,  
The hopes thy hero gave thee.

More fierce the struggle, more prolonged,  
That lives in Cymric story ;  
The bard full well that tale could tell  
Of conflict and of glory.  
How for his patriot Prince his heart  
With pride and love was swelling !  
When, all on fire, he struck the lyre  
And sang the brave Llewellyn.

Arthur has lived a thousand years  
In fondest recollection.  
The kingly line of Constantine  
Swayed Britain's deep affection.  
From Tewdwr sprang our royal House ;  
A noble prince was Madoc !  
Siluria boasts through all her coasts  
The fame of her Carádoc.

And many a noble Cambrian house  
Lives in its honoured members ;  
The faithful heart, tho' far apart,  
Its ancient home remembers :

Still flourishes the race that dwelt  
In Scethrog and Trenewydd,  
And that great name whose power and fame  
Sprang from Kevéndyglwydd.

The proud new-comer will not brook  
To meet his humble neighbour ;  
Scotia must mourn her fields forlorn  
Divorced from honest labour.  
And, where the hardy peasant dwelt,  
With happy babes surrounded,  
The moorcock cries, the red deer dies  
For sport of wealth unbounded.

But Cambria's vales are bright with corn  
No alien hand is reaping ;  
And in the cwm the cheerful home  
From sheltering trees is peeping.  
Still on the mountain stream, the woods  
O'ershadow the velindre ;—  
More fair they rise to Cymric eyes  
Than all the groves of Cintra.

The Highland peasant leaves his home,  
His vales and hills romantic ;  
He goes to toil on Freedom's soil  
Across the wide Atlantic ;  
But still the old Silurian dwells  
In Dyffryn and Dynevor,  
None shall displace her native race  
From Cymru's land for ever.

So we will seek the sunny west,  
The 'old poetic mountains' ;  
And walk beside the river's tide  
And trace its hidden fountains.  
Let Nith and Teviot, Tweed and Till  
As beauteous be as Yarrow,  
To Cymru lân, Gwlad y Gân  
I'll take my 'winsome marrow.'

## TO MY COUNTRY.

**B**RITAIN! be worthy of thy ancient Name,  
The heirloom of a thousand glorious years!  
Count o'er thy riches, prize thine heritage.  
The darling of the Ages—unto thee  
They hold out bounteous hands and on thee shower  
Their gifts of intellect, invention, power  
And praise. Thou art the treasure-house of Fame,  
Garner wherein are gathered golden ears  
From all the fields of Time. Benignantly  
Thy trident sway, O Mistress of the Seas!  
Stain thou no more thy coronal with blood,  
But, where the navies of thy commerce ride,  
May smiling Peace bring in the Golden Age.  
Let thy Rose flourish by the Lily's side—  
In arts, and not in arms, their rivalry;  
And seek by dexterous touch of sympathy  
To soothe the discords of Ierne's Lyre.

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Temper thy Saxon steel with Celtic fire,  
And forge spiritual weapons which shall smite  
To death the heads of old-world tyrannies.  
Be still the nurse of spotless chivalry.  
Like thine own royal Arthur, take delight  
To knit thy sons in noble brotherhood  
Of gentle deeds. Pass Freedom's watchword on  
To the young Nations of the setting sun ;  
Thy sword be sheathed, thy Lion rest in peace,  
And be the Serpent slain eternally.



FLUVIUS LACRYMARUM.



FLUVIUS LACRYMARUM.

ONCE in a dream I saw a River flow  
Thro' league on league of desert lone and  
vast.

Deep were the waters and dyed dark with woe,  
And withered hopes were on the current cast  
As thick as autumn leaves, that downward passed  
Or drifted, eddying, an aimless freight,  
Until beneath the waves they sank at last.  
Black were the heavens with frown of adverse fate,  
Nor ever might the wind its weary moan abate.

Salt, sterile marishes spread far around  
Where was no sign of human tenement,  
Nor rustling trees, nor was there any sound  
Save on the air that sorrowful lament  
Reiterate; thick mists the firmament  
Obscured, and did the uncertain sense confuse  
With shapes and phantasms of astonishment.

Vain for the hapless wayfarer to choose  
To advance or to retreat, where each alike undoes.

Then I beheld the waters of this River  
As, gathering strength, they travelled from their source,  
Draw to a gloomy chasm wherein ever  
Riving and striving as with giant's force  
Between two mighty rocks their onward course  
With pain they won, and with tempestuous throes,  
Filling the wilderness with clamour hoarse ;  
This past, in eddying rounds the water flows,  
So vext, it may not win one moment of repose.

At length within a pool the waters stayed  
Their loud tumultuous effort. Dark and deep—  
They by the dusky heaven above were made  
Yet darker, as they slept or seemed to sleep  
A dreamless slumber, and the rocks did weep  
Unwholesome dews down thro' the stagnant air :  
Strange silence which the imprison'd waters keep  
After that rage of conflict ! Better were  
The agonizing strife, than motionless despair.

---

Last, into a dead Sea these waters fall  
The salt and bitter sea of human tears ;  
A shore whose fruits are dust, whose grapes are gall,  
Girding the sea all round with stony fears  
And precipices where no shade appears ;  
Nor flock nor herd, but all is barrenness  
And vain progression of the empty years.  
The sunshine sickens in this wilderness,  
And all things turn to grief and uttermost distress.

And thus for ages did that River flow,  
Bearing its burden to the silent sea ;  
Still that lament, disconsolate and low,  
Was borne upon the breeze unceasingly ;  
Young love and wedded joy and children's glee,  
And hopes almost attained and missed at last,—  
All things most precious to Humanity .  
Were carried down into those waters vast,  
Or on that barren shore in wreck and ruin cast.

Then I beheld how to the desert came  
A man forlorn, unlov'd of human kind ;  
A Man of Sorrows. Tender was his frame

Yet here nor food nor shelter could he find ;  
Fierce was the sun, and keen the nightly wind :  
Him in the wilderness no ravens fed ;  
He on the stony ground his limbs reclined,  
The wild beasts to their lair at nightfall sped,  
He, the world's Monarch, had not where to lay his  
head.

Yet not of all society bereft  
He wandered homeless in this desert wide,  
For tho' by human comrades he was left  
The Angels talked with him at eventide ;  
And, less unkind than men, came to his side  
The savage denizens of bush and brake.  
Here many days and nights he did abide,  
And of the desert thorns a crown did make,  
A Royal Crown to wear for Love and Pity's sake.

Then came he where that darksome River flows  
And would pass over it, but lo, the might  
Of that impetuous torrent of our woes  
Swept o'er his head as to o'erwhelm him quite.  
Ah ! were he lost, then everlasting night

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Had wrapt in gloom the hapless sons of men.  
But see! with radiant aspect and with bright  
Celestial garments, He appears again,  
Resplendent as the sun uprising from the main.

Oh, who the rapture of that hour can tell  
Which did undo the ruin of our race?  
What mortal tongue can rightly syllable  
Aught of the heavenly beauty of His face?  
The desert and the solitary place  
Were glad for Him when joyful He arose  
In power majestic and immortal grace.  
Sweet breezes blew, flowers did their buds uncloze,  
The wilderness rejoiced and blossomed as the rose.

And since that Mighty One did overpass  
The wintry torrent of our human tears,  
Lo, in the desert springs the tender grass,  
In the dark cloud His bow of peace appears;  
And in that rocky wilderness of fears  
The myrtle and the pine together spring.  
Trees clap their hands before Him, and the years

To do Him homage all their treasures bring ;  
The vales are thick with corn, the hills rejoice and  
sing.

And now the waves have lost their bitterness  
And milder flow beneath serener skies ;  
For He that sojourned in the wilderness  
Hath healed the primal fountain where they rise.  
The air, that heavy laden was with sighs,  
Now brings angelic anthems from afar,  
Brings echoes of the heavenly symphonies ;  
The gloomy clouds of woe all scattered are,  
And cheerfully shines forth the light of sun and star.

Now by the river-side on either hand  
Grow trees of various fruit, and by the Sea  
Of bitterness, behold, the fishers stand  
Even from En-eglaim to Engedi.  
Yet are the marishes unhealed, that we,  
Pilgrims and strangers in a Vale of Tears,  
May wait with longing for the Day when He,  
The Son of God and Son of Man, appears,  
Who brings eternal peace to crown eternal years.

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NOTES.

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## PAGE 34.

**G**ARTHMADRIN—An old name for Brecheiniog or Brecknockshire, meaning 'the home of foxes.'

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## PAGE 40.

*Cwmdu*, the Dark Vale, pronounced Coom Dee. There is a proverb among the inhabitants which runs thus :—

' Cam enwir ef Cwmdu  
Cwm gwin yw 'n cwm ni.'

Erroneously it is called the Dark Vale,  
Our vale is the bright vale.

*Rhiangoll*—From *Rhean* a streamlet, and *cell*, sheltered or concealed.

*Stradewy, now Tretower Castle*.—This was the ancient seat of the Pichards, a Norman family which came into Brecknockshire with Bernard Newmarch. They intermarried with the Vaughans,

Burghills, Baskervilles, Walbeoffes and other families ; the name still survives in Ocle Pichard, Herefordshire, and Sapey Prichard, Worcestershire. There is little doubt that of this family were the three brothers, *Adam*, *John* and *Richard de Hereford*, mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis as taking a leading part in the conquest of Ireland in 1172. An *Adam*, *John* and William *Pichard* were living in Herefordshire near the same period, and a *Richard* occurs somewhat later. Adam de Hereford, in command of the fleet, obtained a brilliant victory off Waterford ; and for John de Hereford a castle was built at Zyllacht in Leinster. 'In 1210 the great houses of Lacy and Braose were in open rebellion, so that Meath, Ulster and Munster were arrayed against the king. John's campaign closed with outlawry and banishment of Walter and Hugh de Lacy, and the elder Braose. They retired to France. Before June, 1213, Walter de Lacy sent letters to King John, asking for permission to return into England (or to come to the King in England) on certain conditions. The King promised that he might safely, and at once, do so ; the result of the conference was, that on July 29th the King wrote to Engelard de Cigony enclosing a copy of an undertaking made by Lacy, and desiring, as soon as Lacy should have delivered four hostages, he should give him seizin of his lands.'—Eyton's 'Antiquities of Shropshire.' The four hostages were the sons of *Gilbert de Lacy*, of *John Pichard*, of *Milo Pichard*, and of William de Furches. This would be of itself almost conclusive as to the identity of the Pichards with the leaders of the Irish army under Lacy ; but there is further evidence in contemporary

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documents which associate the Pichard family with Roger Le Poer, Philip de Braose, and Walter de Lacy, which are all names of conspicuous warriors in Ireland. As the leaders of the Irish expedition were young noblemen, the surname Pichard may have been dropped for the more aristocratic '*De Hereford*.'

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## PAGE 41.

*Llyn Safaddan*.—For the legend of this lake, see '*Drych y Prif Oesoedd*,' Rev. T. Evans. An account of ancient British vineyards is given in Allies' '*Antiquities of Worcestershire*.'

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## PAGE 47.

*A churchyard strewn with flowers*.—It is the custom in many parts of Wales to cover the graves with flowers at Easter.

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## PAGE 48.

*Clifford Castle*.—'Joan de Clifford, commonly known as "fair Rosamond," was the daughter of Sir Walter de Clifford, of Clifford on the Wye. The Cliffords, all through Norman and Plantagenet times, ranked with the great barons of the realm, and had frequent

calls to Parliament ; they had great possessions in the North, as well as on the Welsh borders, their principal residence being the Castle of Skipton-in-Craven, Yorkshire.'—Hutchinson's 'Herefordshire Biographies.'

*A scion of Plantagenet.*—The family of Baskerville is one of the most ancient and honourable in England ; its name is on the Roll of Battle Abbey, it has ever maintained the highest rank among the gentry, and it can boast of the blood of the Plantagenets — Burke's 'County Gentry.'

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PAGE 51.

The Triplet is one of the most ancient of Welsh metres. Williams in his 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,' writes : —The bards divided their canons of versification or metricities into nine *Gorchanau*, elements of song or primary principles, and fifteen *Adlawiaid*, secondary or compound principles, making in all twenty-four, to which all possible varieties and combinations of metre in any language are reducible. The most ancient stanza on record is that usually designated the 'Warrior's Triplet,' for it has simplicity of verse, rhyme and stanza, as the first of stanzas was the Triplet, and the first kind of rhyme was unirhythm. Therefore it is judged that of all the various stanzas, the Warrior's Triplet is the most venerable, for so is the first of all things, and of stanzas, this is the most original. In another place

it is regarded as one of the metres which were from time immemorial, that is, from the age of ages (oes oesoedd).—*Ecccl. Ant.*, p. 34.

As a sample of this metre, two verses from Llywarch Hên's 'Elegy on Geraint ab Erbin, Prince of Devon' (*temp. Arthur*), are here given :—

Pan aned Geraint oedd agored pyrth nev  
Rhoddai Grist a arched  
Pryd mirain Prydain ogoned  
Moled pawb y rudd Eraint  
Arglwydd molav innau Eraint  
Gelyn i Sais, car i saint.

The British poets are thus found to write in rhyme as early as the sixth century, and there can be no doubt that English poetry has received from them this, its crowning grace ; Anglo-Saxon poetry being for many hundred years after this period alliterative and unrhymed.

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PAGE 54.

*Cooper of Ankerdine.*—For an account of these Fairies, see Allies' 'Antiquities of Worcestershire,' where a list of places named after one or other of them is given. The Seven Whistlers are also commemorated in various localities of the district ; and the saying is, that the Seven will not be heard together till the dawn of the Judgment Day. This ballad is founded on a well-known tradition

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of the Vale of Teme, according to which the blows of a cooper's hammer are heard in the woods at dead of night. The neighbourhood of Alfrick, Lulsley and Knightwick is the locality where these traditions are chiefly prevalent.

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PAGE 59.

*Llancarfan*—Pronounced Llangarvan—Dubric, Dubricius, or Dyfrig was the first Archbishop of Caerleon and Llandaff. Cadog, Caduceus, or Catwg, surnamed *Ddoeth*, the Wise, was the first head of Llancarfan College.

*Caradoc*, or Cradoc (Caractacus), a monk of Llancarfan, who wrote the Brut y Tywysogion or Chronicle of the Princes. He died in 1156. The College of Llancarvan flourished for more than 600 years. The village possesses an ancient church, but no ruins of the collegiate buildings remain. It is situated in the Vale of Glamorgan about six miles from Cowbridge.

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PAGE 61.

*St. Iltyd's Stag*.—There is a narrow lane in Llantwit Major still called 'Stag Lane,' through which, as tradition says, the stag passed on its way to St. Iltyd's cell. It is recorded that this animal was trained to draw a cart filled with stone, and in this way helped the brotherhood, whose buildings were very extensive.

## PAGE 62.

*Caer Wrgan* is near Llantwit Major. When excavations were recently made, thirty skeletons of horses, and several of human beings were found in the chief room, and marks of fire were visible. It is thought that *Caer Wrgan* was destroyed by the Irish in one of their expeditions up the Severn. The following extract from *Caradoc's Chronicle* refers to a later event, but may be inserted, as showing how the shores of the Severn estuary were infested by piratical adventurers:—'In the year of Christ 893, the black Pagans (the Danes) came into Wales over the Severn Sea, and burnt Llanelltyd Vawr (Llantwit) and Chynfig (Kenfig) and Llangarfan, and did much hurt in Morganwg (Glamorgan), Gwent (Monmouthshire), and Brecheiniog (Brecon), and Buellt (Builth).'

'Every part of Wales' (says a writer in the *Guardian*) 'teems with Christian traditions. Llantwit Major in Glamorganshire, with a present quaintness suggestive of a history, were tradition silent, has ever been famed as an early seat of Celtic learning in its monasteries founded by St. Illutus. The Triads ascribe to it 2,400 students, and other traditions multiply the number. Recent excavations in the neighbourhood have laid bare the foundations of a villa, the buildings of which must have covered about two acres, and are indicative of military occupation. The outlines of fifteen rooms, one of which is a large hall, have been exposed, and the mingled remains of two races, who must have met in conflict, have been discovered. A public bath, Roman imperial coins of the

third century, decorated walls, and a cinerary urn are tokens of a life as eager as ours, and of historic oblivion.'—*Guardian*, Dec. 12, 1888.

If, as some believe, *Caer Wrgan* is a corruption of *Cor Eurgain*, this ancient building marks the site of the college of the daughter of Caractacus.

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PAGE 63.

*The Tuskar* is a large expanse of rock lying off Southerndown, a mile or two from the shore. It is uncovered at low tide, when the remains of many wrecks are visible. On the terrible night of Oct. 15, 1886, when 300 lives were lost in the Bristol Channel, the *Malleny* was wrecked on the Tuskar with the loss of all on board. It is much to be deplored that there is no harbour of refuge for vessels on this dangerous coast; one at Lundy having long been projected, but never carried out.

It is said that the last Vaughan of Dunraven was accustomed to exhibit false lights, that he might enrich himself with the spoils of wrecked sailors. But his three sons rowing out one day to the Tuskar, their boat drifted away, and they were drowned by the rising tide; and it is said that a fourth shortly afterwards met with a similar fate. After the loss of his sons, Walter Vaughan sold Dunraven to an ancestor of the Wyndham family, who now possess it, and retired to Porthaml, near Brecon. His daughter married Lord Ashburnham, whose descendants still possess the Brecknockshire estates.

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PAGE 72.

*Newton Well*.—The water in this well fluctuates with the tide. When the tide is up, the water in the well disappears, and *vice versa*. It is now covered over. See an interesting account of this well by the Rev. H. H. Knight, in *Archæologia Cambrensis* for 1853.

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## PAGE 77.

*Tyntagel* is a compound word meaning 'the head of the grove,' or covert. As there is no soft *g* in the Celtic dialects, the usual mode of pronouncing this word, viz. *Tintágil*, must be incorrect; the penultimate is the accented syllable in Welsh, but an exception to this rule is made in compound words, such as *Pen y bont*, *Tal y llyn*, etc., where the accent is on the last syllable. From this name of King Arthur's castle or palace, it may be inferred that the district was at one time covered with wood. Another possible derivation, however, is from *Dyn*, top, *Di*, privative, and *cell* or *gell*; which would signify the bare, fortified height.

The following anecdote is told by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, in an article in the *New Review* on the late Matthew Arnold :—

'In the first two editions he had made *Tyntagil* more than once the end of a line, and accented it on the last syllable. It was pointed out to him that this was a mistake, but he refused to be convinced, and quietly maintained the accuracy of his accent, and

that his friend did not know how to pronounce a name he had been familiar with from childhood. When the poem was republished, however, Tyntagil had become Tyntágil, and the accent was corrected.'

It should be observed that the Welsh for covert, or concealment, being *cell* or *gell*, the *e* should be preserved as in *Pencelli*, and not changed into *i*. We thus retain the very beautiful and poetical word *Tyntagél*.

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PAGE 88.

*The music of Æolian rifts.*—It is only those who frequent the shores of Glamorgan in all weathers who know the extraordinary effects of sound produced by the rush of water and wind in the crevices, locally called 'Blowing Holes,' of this remarkable coast.

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PAGE 91.

*Cil-Hepste.*—The River Neath (and its confluent the Hepste and Mellte) abounds in waterfalls, of which Cil-Hepste is one of the most graceful.

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PAGE 92.

*Cymru lân, gwlad y gân!* (Fair Wales, land of song). This fine song by Talhaiarn, has been set to music by Owain Alaw; the *a* in *lân* and *gân* is long, as in *far*.

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PAGE 94.

*Wallace*.—The original form of this name is said to be William le Walys, or William Wallensis, the Welshman. 'William le Walys, or as it was afterwards corrupted, William Wallace, was born in the kingdom of the Strathclyde Britons, his father being grandson of Gwilym Ddu, or William the Black of Arvon, who had followed from his native country of Wales the fortunes of Walter ap Traherne, the Stewart, into Scotland. His mother was a daughter of the Norman house of Crawford. In the contemporary annals, his usual designation is William of Wales, or William le Walys, and the distinction between his descent and that of the people he headed is prominently adverted to. He was the champion of the Strathclyde population, and hated by the Scoto-Norman aristocracy, by the hands of one of whom he was eventually betrayed.'—'The British Cymry,' Rev. R. W. Morgan. It may be noted that this book has been followed only where the facts are authenticated by other authorities.

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PAGE 96.

*Scethrog and Trenewydd*.—'The chief family residence of the Vaughans was the Castle of Tretower, in the parish of Cwmdu, and when it was dismantled, Scethrock or Scethrog, in the same neighbourhood. The grandfather of the poet appears to have

migrated from Tretower to Newton (Trenewydd) in the parish of Llansaintfread.'—'Memoir of Vaughan,' H. F. Lyte. This Newton is to be distinguished from Newton on the other side of Brecon, the ancient seat of the Games family.

*Kevendyglwydd*—Gwilym ap Jenkin married Gwenllian, daughter of Howel Vychan ap Howel ap Iorworth, who was living in 1372, and with her had the lordship of Kevendyglwydd (the gray house on the ridge). He was also Master Sergeant of Abergavenny in 1345. Six of Gwilym's sons founded families, and from these, and mainly from the fourth, sprung the whole race of Herbert, by whatever surnames designated.—'Clark's Genealogies,' page 251.

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PAGE 97.

'*Winsome Marrow*.'—It is to be regretted that the word *marrow* = *mate* or *companion*—should have become nearly obsolete in English, though retained in the Scottish dialect. In a churchyard in South Wales is this inscription :—

Whom God consorts with sacred right and love,  
Death cannot separate marrow from the dove.

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The Authorities consulted in writing the Introduction, Appendix, etc., of this book are as follows :—'Myvyrian Archæology of Wales,' Denbigh, 1870 ; 'History of Brecknockshire,' Jones ;

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'History of Gloucestershire,' Atkyns ; 'History of Gloucestershire,' Rudder ; 'Itinerary of Wales, and History of the Conquest of Ireland,' Giraldus Cambrensis ; 'Archæologia Cambrensis' ; Clark's 'Genealogies of Morgan and Glamorgan,' London, 1886 ; 'The Picard Family' Golding and Lawrence, London, 1878 ; 'Cambrian History,' Rev. R. Morgan, Ruthin, 1857 ; 'Drych y Prif Oesoedd,' T. Evans, Llanidloes, 1865 ; 'Works of Henry Vaughan,' Fuller's Worthies' Library, Grosart ; 'Silex Scintillans, etc.,' by Henry Vaughan 'Silurist, with Memoir' by Rev. H. F. Lyte, Bell and Sons, London, 1889 ; 'The Ancient British Church,' Rev. John Price, Longmans and Co., London, 1878 ; Mosheim's 'Ecclesiastical History' ; Bede's 'Ecclesiastical History' ; 'Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry,' Williams ; Six 'Old English Chronicles' ; 'Essay on Welsh Saints,' Rees ; 'Liber Landavensis,' Ed. Rees.

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## TITLE PAGE.

*Motto.*—Three glories of a country : intelligent industry, neighbourly concord and conscientious government.

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APPENDIX.  

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AN INQUIRY INTO SOME OF THE INITIALS AND NAMES  
WHICH OCCUR IN THE WORKS OF HENRY VAUGHAN, SILURIST.

Taken in the order in which they occur in Dr. Grosart's Edition,  
these are :—

- I. To my Ingenuous Friend, R. W.
- II. An Elegie on the Death of Mr. R. W., slain in the late Un-  
fortunate Differences at Routon Heath, neer Chester, 1645.
- III. An Elegie on the Death of Mr. R. Hall, slain at Pontefract,  
1648.
- IV. To my Worthy Friend, Master T. Lewes.
- V. A Preliminary Poem to Olor Iscanus, signed I. W.
- VI. To the Pious Memorie of C. W., Esq., who finished His  
Course here, and made his Entrance into Immortality  
upon the 13th of September, in the year of Redemption,  
1653.
- VII. An Epistle Dedicatory to the Right Honourable and truly  
noble Henry, Lord, Marquis and Earl of Worcester.  
Signed J. W.

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VIII. An Address to the Reader. Signed I. W. (Both prefixed to *Thalia Rediviva*).

IX. A Preliminary Poem to *Thalia Rediviva*. Signed N. W.

I. and II., *R. W.* As will be seen below, the Vaughans of Tretower and Newton were nearly connected with the Walbeoffes,—but as no name commencing with R is found in their genealogy, it is probable this was either a Wynter or a Williams. Both families were zealous partizans of the royalist cause, and in 1644, a baronetcy was conferred on Sir Henry Williams of Gwernynyfed, near Glásbury, by Charles I. The Williamses, like all the chief families of Brecknockshire, were connected with the Vaughans, and Roger, Richard and Robert, were names in this family. A brother of Sir Henry Williams was Roger of the Gaer, and as his son Richard appears from the pedigree to have died unmarried, he might be the R. W. of the Elegy, in which R. W. is said to have been under twenty when slain at Rowton Heath. The following extract is from the ‘Hist. Breck.’

‘In 1668, Richard Winter was of Llangloed and died there. He was, I believe, a descendant of the first Edward Wynter, or a son of Walter W. of Tallyn, but what induced him to settle here, or how he prevailed upon Sir Henry Williams to build him a house, which, at that time, must have been considered as a palace, and to grant him a lease for lives, I have not been able to learn ; the only way of accounting for these circumstances is by supposing that Sir Henry Williams, being a loyalist, was either compelled by the re-

publicans to grant a lease to Wynter, who might have been of that party, or else he may have been a friend to the baronet, and may have taken this mode of preserving the estate to him.'

As the Wynters were equally zealous loyalists with the Williams, the latter supposition is the more probable. This passage supplies us with the name of *Richard*, which is wanting in the printed genealogies of Wynter, and Sir Edward Wynter of Lidney had two sons named Robert. It is quite possible that a son of Richard Winter of Llangoed may have been the R. W. of the Elegy; the family may have received some accession of property at the Restoration, as a recompense for their loyalty, and thus Richard Wynter would be enabled to take on lease the noble mansion built by Sir Henry Williams. Llangoed Castle is beautifully situated on the Wye near Boughrood.

III. *R. Hall*, probably of the family of Hall of Highmeadow, co. Gloucester.

In Newland Church, Forest of Dean, there is a monument to Benedict Hall, who married the daughter of Sir Edward Winter of Lidnie, Knight, and to his wife. Sir Edward Winter married a daughter of Edward, Earl of Worcester. Sir Edward W. had a son, Sir John Wintour, who was a famous royalist. Of this family were the Wynters of Brecon, who were connected with the Vaughans. In 1663, Richard Hall, Esq., of Highmeadow, was lord of the manor of Staunton, and patron of the living. Staunton is in the Forest of Dean near Monmouth. As we learn from the

Elegy that *R. Hall* had been in the church before he joined the royalist army, it is probable he was the son of Richard Hall of Highmeadow, and that he had joined the forces led by Sir John Wintour to the support of the king. The lines in memory of *R. Hall* are perhaps the most beautiful of Henry Vaughan's elegiac poems.

IV. *T. Lewis*.—Dr. Grosart says :—‘Probably of Maesmawr, opposite Newton, on the south side of the Usk.’ In 1635, a Thomas Lewis was Incumbent of Llanfigan, a village near Llan-saintfread. He was expelled by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners at the same time that Thomas Vaughan was expelled from the latter place ;—in the language of the period, ‘ousted by the propagators.’ A Rowland Watkins had the living, but at the Restoration, *T. Lewis* was re-instated. From the internal evidence of the poem, it seems probable this was the person addressed by Vaughan. It is intimated that he was suffering under persecution, and as *T. Lewis* was of the same principles as the two brothers, and long resident in the neighbourhood, he would naturally become an intimate friend.

V., VI., VII. and VIII., *I. W.*—*C. W.*—Of these initials Mr. Lyte says :—‘They have not been verified ;’ and Dr. Grosart : ‘It seems impossible at this distant date to trace their owner. Probably this *I. W.*, Charles *W.*, *R. W.* and *N. W.*, were of the same family.’ *C. W.* was Charles Walbeoffe of Llanhamlach, a near connection

of Henry Vaughan. According to Jones ('Hist. Breck.') he died in 1653, which is the date of the Elegy. His wife was Mary, daughter of Sir Thomas Awbrey. About 1600 John Walbeoffe married Margaret, daughter of William Vaughan of Tretower, who was the great-grandfather of the Poet, and whose wife was a daughter of T. Somerset, a son of Henry Earl of Worcester. John Walbeoffe's son was Charles, the subject of the Elegy. Llanhamlach is the next parish to Llansaintfread, and here Charles W. lived and was buried. His son, Charles, died in 1668, and the property came to an uncle or cousin, John Walbeoffe. 'This gentleman,' says Mr. Jones, 'was of a gay and extravagant turn, and left the estate, much encumbered, to his son Charles, and soon after his death it was foreclosed, and afterwards sold to Mr. John Powell, a barrister, who took down the old house.' The alienation of this property, endeared by many associations, must have been one of the griefs of Henry Vaughan's declining years.

The *J. W.* to whom is due the editing and publication of *Thalia Rediviva* is scarcely likely to be identical with the John Walbeoffe above named. He had a son John, a clergyman, who married a Powell; but it is more likely that *J. W.* was a Williams of Gwern-yfed. Two of this family named John, were living in the last half of the seventeenth century. There was also a John Wynter of the Brecon family, who was living in 1649. The Williams family were very numerous in Brecknockshire, and a Nicholas Williams was living near Trecastle, in the Vale of Usk towards the close of this century. He may have been the *N. W.* who writes

some preliminary verses in 1678. He was possibly related to Nicholas Williams, who was made a baronet in 1707, and lived at Edwinsford, not far from Trecastle. (See Courthope, Extinct Baronetage).

As *N. W.* signs himself of Jesus College, he was no doubt a Welshman, that College having been founded by a South Welshman for the benefit of his countrymen.

THE END.

*Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row, London.*





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